

which he will shy less restively later on) than of those graver misfortunes whose depth alone precludes them from any adequate expression in mere words.

The volume is indicative of much research and of careful and honest work. It is wholesome and fresh, swept and purified by sea and mountain winds. Daintily worded and handled delicately, neither aggressive nor robust, but a veritable pasture of clean provender whereon *la jeune personne* herself may freely browse, without detriment to her mental or moral digestion!

If, in its perusal, one is occasionally greeted by an echo, as it were, of somebody else's previous utterances, there is no evidence of any school whose healthiness can be impeached, and Mr. Brockbank must still be credited with an abundance of winsome sayings of his own, and a most apt capacity to convey his meaning worthily. In his efforts there is no straining after impossible and bewildering effects, no meandering in jungles of ambiguous phraseology such as distinguishes some of the literary lucubrations of our day, when hysteria not unfrequently does duty for originality. Mr. Brockbank's finger is upon the pulse of Nature. In every one of her changeable humours he knows her, and sings her praises with a grace, wisdom, and understanding as refreshing in these feverish times as the breezy murmurings among his larch tree branches. No one can read his "Mountain Pass" and doubt that he hears "the music in the sun," and "feels the beauty of the cloudy hills" without denying him the tribute which is a poet's due. In "Ashtorel"—the title piece—in "Father Sebastian," "Ghosts," "A Reply," "Tenebræ," and "Any Dreamer to his Dream," the writer is at his best; and in the fourth number to "Mignon," where a desolate man experiences less of remoteness in the thought of his "little love" lying asleep in her grave—only "*asleep*" rather than slipped behind the veil of any unpalpable heaven whatsoever—Mr. Brockbank touches a vibrating chord deep down in many human hearts.

His "fugitive bits" are produced in the same spirit of tenderness—unmarred by one superfluous word, and with a quiet acceptance of suffering as the permanent part of the earth's endowments. He has done his work reverently and well, faithfully following after Ashtorel, the divine daughter of an old-world god, whose music, inaudible to undiscerning ears, shall be only revealed in perfected completeness when the hurly-burly of this world's great Carnival is past.

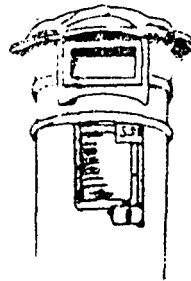
Review.

"Cookery for Sick People or Invalid Cookery." By Florence Stacpoole, Diplômée of the London Obstetrical Society, Lecturer to the National Health Society, Price One Penny.

This is an excellent little pamphlet, and opens with a few of Miss Nightingale's words. "Miss Nightingale mentions four things, anyone of which," she says, "will cause a patient slowly to starve to death from want of nutrition:—

1. Badly cooked food.
2. The wrong kind of food.
3. Food given at the wrong hours.
4. Want of appetite."

Miss Stacpoole then proceeds to instruct in the Methods of Cooking, Beef-tea and its use, Methods of making Beef-tea—impressing upon her readers that "*boiled* beef-tea is *spoiled* beef-tea"—and she gives the opinions of some eminent specialists to prove the use and abuse of this beverage in which the public have an altogether fictitious faith. Dr. Milner Fothergill says, "Beef-tea has an infinitesimal food value, though an excellent vehicle for what is really food—viz., biscuit powder, baked flour, or any of the numerous baked foods now on the market. Myriads of sick persons have been allowed to sink of exhaustion, like a fire burning out, from mistaken notions about beef-tea." This should be borne in mind. Beef-tea is an admirable stimulant, but it is *not* a food, and should, therefore, never be allowed to take the place of milk and other food. The Chapters on "Milk" and "Drinks" are useful; and, in Rectal Feeding, we are glad to observe that small quantities are essential (from two to four oz. is the right quantity of fluid for feeding enemata), as we lately read a *work* on Nursing advocating that from half a pint to a pint should be administered at one time! The short chapter on Digestibility and Nutritive Value of Food might be learnt by heart by candidates for training and might we advantage be made a part of the future Preliminary Examination.



Letters to the Editor.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

A HOME HOSPITAL AT CALCUTTA.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—The idea of the possibility of a Home Hospital for Europeans in Calcutta, has suggested itself to many, who have very painful recollections of sufferings endured in the unhealthy and fen-lying districts of Lower Bengal. Sufferings which, had efficient trained nursing been available, would have been alleviated, and in some instances, probably would never have existed. Such a Nursing Home as is required, would be for the use of *Europeans only*. Those who are in a position to incur the serious expense of a Trained Nurse's fees, together with all her travelling expenses from Calcutta, and many minor details, would not hesitate at terms, which by comparison, should be very far from prohibitive. The terms should be strictly inclusive, with the exception of doctor's fees and drugs. In order to secure efficient nursing, the accommodation should be limited to what would be requisite, for not more than say, twelve patients at the outside. The staff of Nurses should be *purely European*, and not available for cases out of the Home. No infectious cases should be admitted. Special arrangements might be made for confinement cases, and this should prove an inestimable boon; there being many ladies, who would infinitely prefer the comforts of a really well organized Nursing Home, to the risks and trials of illness, in places far distant from Calcutta, where, even under the most favourable circumstances, ordinary comforts are but too often, not procurable. "The up-country Nursing Association for Europeans," will doubtless

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